

SURE TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE!

# STRANGE DAYS



NO. 3

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Hi!  
EVERYTHING  
OKAY?

BY  
MILLIGAN  
MCCARTHY  
EWINS

Featuring

# PARADAX!





# STRANGE DAYS

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## FEED YOUR BRAIN!



# FREAKWAVE

(Milligan/McCarthy)



IMAGINE THE WORLD AS A BUCKET OF DUNG, HURLING FOR AN ETERNITY THROUGH SPACE. AND NOW IMAGINE THE BUCKET SUDDENLY STOPPING DEAD IN MID-AIR ... WHAT DO YOU GET? ....


YOU GET A HELL OF A LOT OF SHIT FLYING ABOUT.

WHICH IS WHY I LIKE TO THINK OF THIS MUCH BESPOKE "NEW MESSIAH" AS A KIND OF METAPHYSICAL SANITARY AGENT... A DIVINE AEROSOL IN THE SEWER-SYSTEM OF EXISTENCE...

AND THE SUBJECT OF EXISTENCE ALSO HAPPENS TO BE ON THE MIND OF THE DRIFTER, WHO HAS JUST BEEN TOLD HE IS A MEMBER OF THE MOST NON-EXCLUSIVE CLUB IN CREATION, THE ONLY ENTRY-REQUIREMENT BEING THAT YOU ARE IRREVOCABLY DEAD..

THIS, THEN, IS THE STATE OF PLAY IN THE EARTHLY GARDEN OF DELIGHTS- AND BELIEVE ME, I SHOULD KNOW. I AM GOD, AND THIS IS MY VOICE...





I'VE BEEN KEEPING A LOW-PROFILE LATELY. I WAS FALLIBLE ENOUGH TO TAKE A SIMPLE HYPOTHESIS TO ITS LOGICAL CONCLUSION AND BEFORE YOU COULD SAY 'AVE MARIA' I'D PROVED TO MYSELF THAT I DIDN'T EXIST... IT'S TAKEN ME A FEW MILLENNIUM TO GET MY NERVE BACK... AND OF COURSE, WITH THE OLD FATHER-FIGURE OUT OF THE PICTURE, THE WORLD'S GONE TO PIECES...

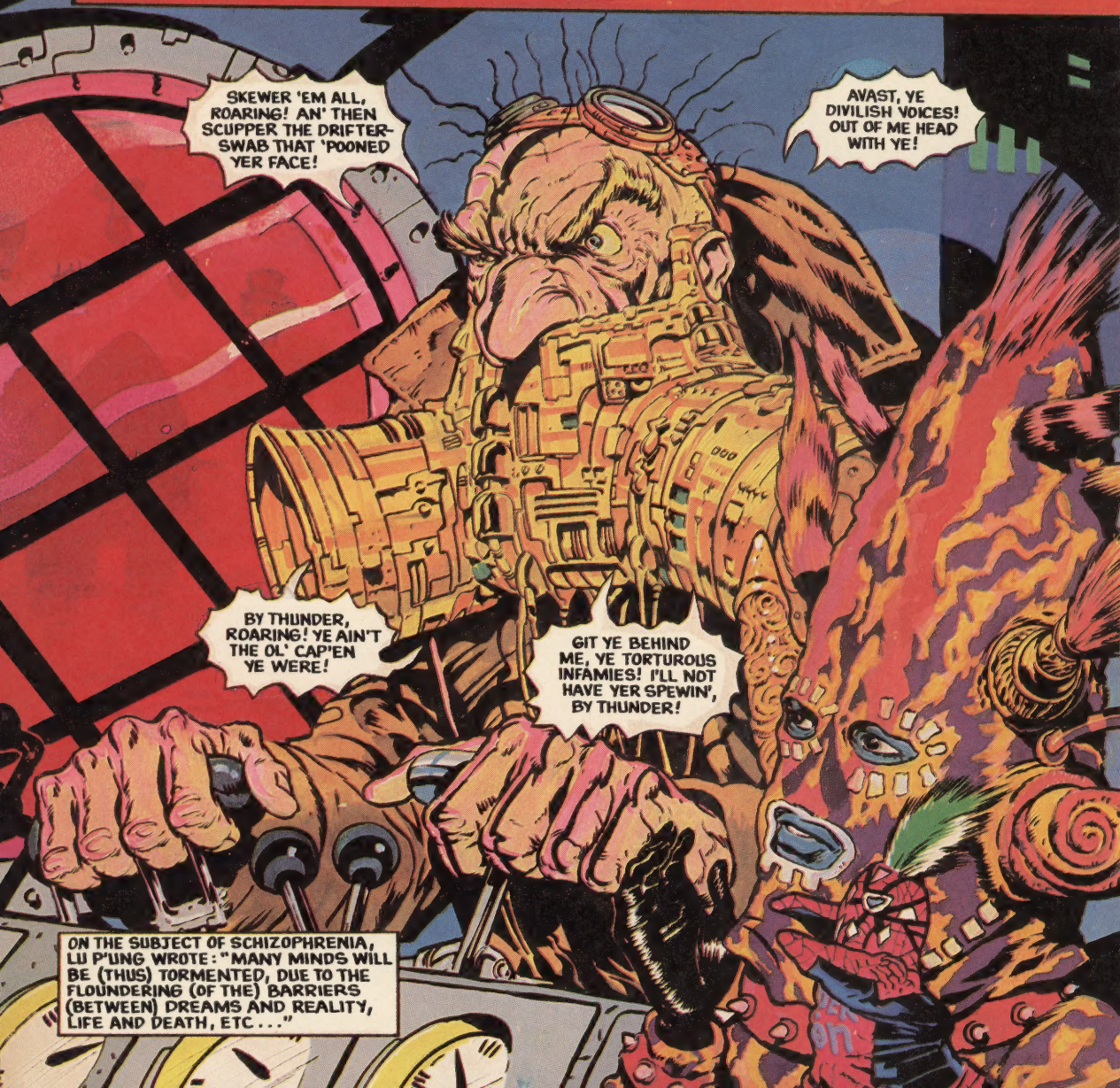


BUT HEAR THIS, DRIFTER. YOU WILL RIDE AGAIN. YOU ARE MY SON, MY AEROSOL, AND THE AIR STINKS OF FOUL CAPTAINS; A PLAGUE OF OUTRAGEOUS METAPHORS ON ALL THEIR HEADS AND HOUSES...

MEANWHILE, AS THOUGH ORDAINED BY THE GREAT METAPHOR-MAKER HIMSELF, ROARING'S DEATH-HEAD MAKES ITS MOVE...



SHIVER ME SHINGLES! AT LAST I'VE GOT ME CLAWS ON THE GREASY SPITPOONS!



SKEWER 'EM ALL, ROARING! AN' THEN SCUPPER THE DRIFTER-SWAB THAT 'POONED YER FACE!

AVAST, YE DEVILISH VOICES! OUT OF ME HEAD WITH YE!

BY THUNDER, ROARING! YE AIN'T THE OL' CAP'EN YE WERE!

GIT YE BEHIND ME, YE TORTUROUS INFAMIES! I'LL NOT HAVE YER SPEWIN', BY THUNDER!

ON THE SUBJECT OF SCHIZOPHRENIA, LU P'UNG WROTE: "MANY MINDS WILL BE (THUS) TORMENTED, DUE TO THE FLOUNDERING (OF THE) BARRIERS (BETWEEN) DREAMS AND REALITY, LIFE AND DEATH, ETC..."



ALL OF WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE COUNCIL OF CAPTAINS, GATHERED IN THE HOUSE OF DREAMS TO DEBATE THE NEW MESSIAH, HE-WHO-WILL-COME-SOON...

THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD IS NIGH!

PERSONALLY, I THINK THEY'RE WASTING THEIR TIME, BROTHER JOCHIM!

ROLLOCKS TO YER SODDERS!

COME AGAIN?

THEY'RE NOWT BUT DRUG-CRAZED QUEENS, BROTHER HANS!

THEIR NAÏVE FAITH IN THE NEW MESSIAH IS BASED SOLELY ON A KIND OF DEITICAL MEMBER-ENVY, BROTHER JOCHIM!

TOO TRUE, BROTHER HANS. CASTRATION'S TOO GOOD FOR THE LEPERS!

GOOD LORD, BROTHER JOCHIM...

I DO BELIEVE WE ARE ABOUT TO DEPART FROM THIS VEIL OF QUEERS...

AHOY! YE BARRELS O' VOMIT!!



HERE'S ONE IN THE  
EYE FER THE OL'  
HATTER, BY THUNDER!

**BIFF!**

♪ OCTOPUS  
RAINBOWS IN  
A CANDY-FLOSS  
SKY...♪

IN MANY SEAPARTS, THIS DISTINCTIVE AND STRANGELY  
POETIC MODE OF BATTLE WAS KNOWN AS 'GIVING HEAD'.

♪ AND ALL OF  
GOD'S CHILDREN  
ARE GOING  
TO DIE...♪

**SPLOP!**

YE'VE SCUPPERED  
THAT'N, ROARING! BUT  
IS YE TYRANT ENOUGH  
TO DEADEN TH' REST!

AWAY, YE  
POX-RIDDEN BUCKET  
OF BILE! ME AN' ME  
OL' BUCKEROOS'LL  
MAKE PISS O' THEM!

WHILE IN THE COUNCIL OF CAPTAINS...

♪ WE'RE RIDING  
ALONG ON THE  
CREST OF A  
WAVE...♪

LEANING!  
YOUR ORACLE  
IS FOUL!

SUCH A  
PULCHRITUDINOUS,  
PSALMODIOUS,  
PERFORMANCE!

AND AS THE CAPTAINS  
WAX HYSTERICAL...

WHAT MUTANT-  
SUCKIN' BOGGER'S  
LURKING  
BACKSTAGE?

FROOGLE ME  
FLUKKER! IT'S  
THE MAD-DOG  
HIMSELF!

PREPARE FER  
A SKINNING,  
YE SONS O'  
SALIVA!



ABANDON ALL POPES, YE WHO ENTER HERE, FOR THESE ARE THE FALLEN CAPTAINS, SUMMONED FROM THE SLUDGE OF DAMNATION BY ROARING, THE FALLEN CAPTAIN WHO STILL STALKS THE SEAWAYS, KEPT FLESH ONLY BY HIS HATRED AND HIS AWESOME INSANITY....

LOOK'T 'EM, ROARING!  
AN' THEY'S THE SWABS  
THA' THINK THEY WAS  
BETTER THAN YE!

AYE, BUT NOW  
IT'S ME JIG TO SLIT  
A FEW GIZZARDS,  
BY HARRY!

BOG THIS  
FER A SODDIN'  
BUTTOCK-ACHE!

OH, FATHER,  
WHY HAST THOU  
FORSAKEN  
ME?

WHAT A  
SICKENING  
SCENARIO OF  
SEMPITERNAL  
SUFFERING!

R-ROARING! AND  
HE'S UNLEASHED  
THOSE DEVILS!

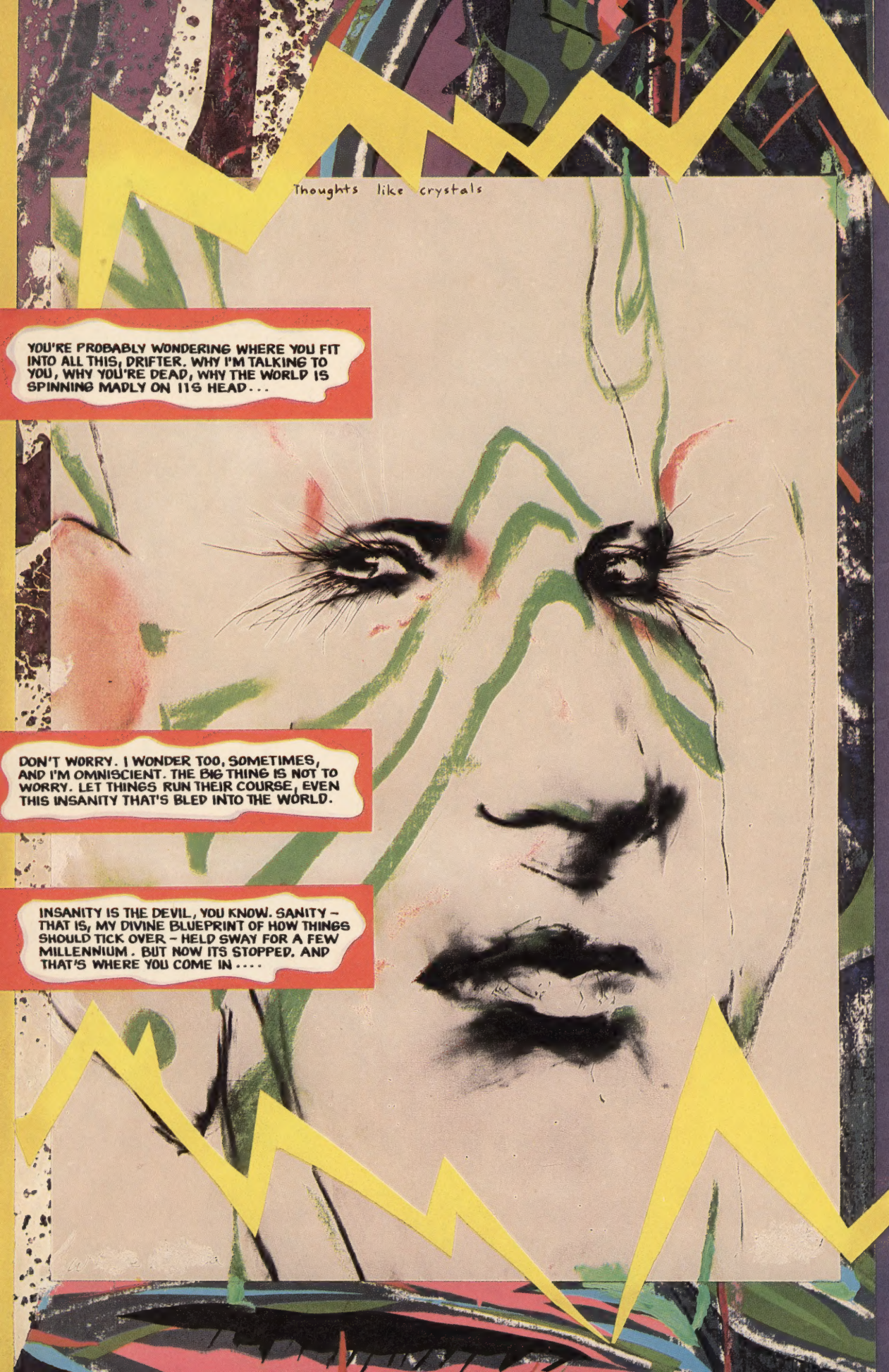


BY ALL THAT'S TWISTED  
AN' GNARLED AN' RUINED,  
YER DAYS AS THE  
BRIGHT-BOYS O' THE  
SEA ARE OVER!

WITH TH' FALLEN CAP'ENS  
BEHIND ME, I'LL BE CAP'EN  
O' THE SEVEN-INSANISEAS! AN'  
THEN I'LL SHACKLE TH' NEW  
MESSIAH SWAB AN' HAVE  
HEAVEN AN' HELL IN ME CLAWS!

BY THUNDER, ROARING!  
AN' THEN YE'LL SLICE  
THAT SCUM-LICKING  
DRIFTER-SCAB, ONCE  
AN' FER ALL!






Thoughts like crystals

YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHERE YOU FIT INTO ALL THIS, DRIFTER. WHY I'M TALKING TO YOU, WHY YOU'RE DEAD, WHY THE WORLD IS SPINNING MADLY ON ITS HEAD...

DON'T WORRY. I WONDER TOO, SOMETIMES, AND I'M OMNISCIENT. THE BIG THING IS NOT TO WORRY. LET THINGS RUN THEIR COURSE, EVEN THIS INSANITY THAT'S BLEED INTO THE WORLD.

INSANITY IS THE DEVIL, YOU KNOW. SANITY - THAT IS, MY DIVINE BLUEPRINT OF HOW THINGS SHOULD TICK OVER - HELD SWAY FOR A FEW MILLENNIUM. BUT NOW IT'S STOPPED. AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN ....





THE FACT IS, DRIFTER, YOU ARE  
THE NEW MESSIAH. YOU WILL  
RETURN TO THE RABID PIT, RE-MADE  
AND RE-MODELLED, TO FIGHT THE  
VESSEL OF THE DEVIL'S INSANITY...

...THE ONE YOU KNOW  
AS CAPTAIN ROARING...

MEANWHILE...



# T A L E S F R O M EUTOPIA

YES, SIREE! IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY COW, WE DON'T GIVE YER. ADDITIVES, PRESERVATIVES, ARTIFICIAL FLAVORIN' OR ANY O' THA' JUNK THEY PUTS INTO OTHER BURGERS!

IN FACT, WE DON'T GIVE YER NUTHIN' AT ALL! NO CARBOHYDATES, NO COWLESTRAL, NUTHIN!

WHERE'S THE BEEF?

SO COME ON, YAWL! BRING ALL THE FAMILY NEXT TIME! AN' REMEMBER...

YER BELLIES MIGHT BE EMPTY, BUT 'LEAST YER CAN SLEEP NIGHTS!

KNOWIN' THERE'S NO ONE MORE STARVING THAN YOU IS!

SO COME ON DOWN!



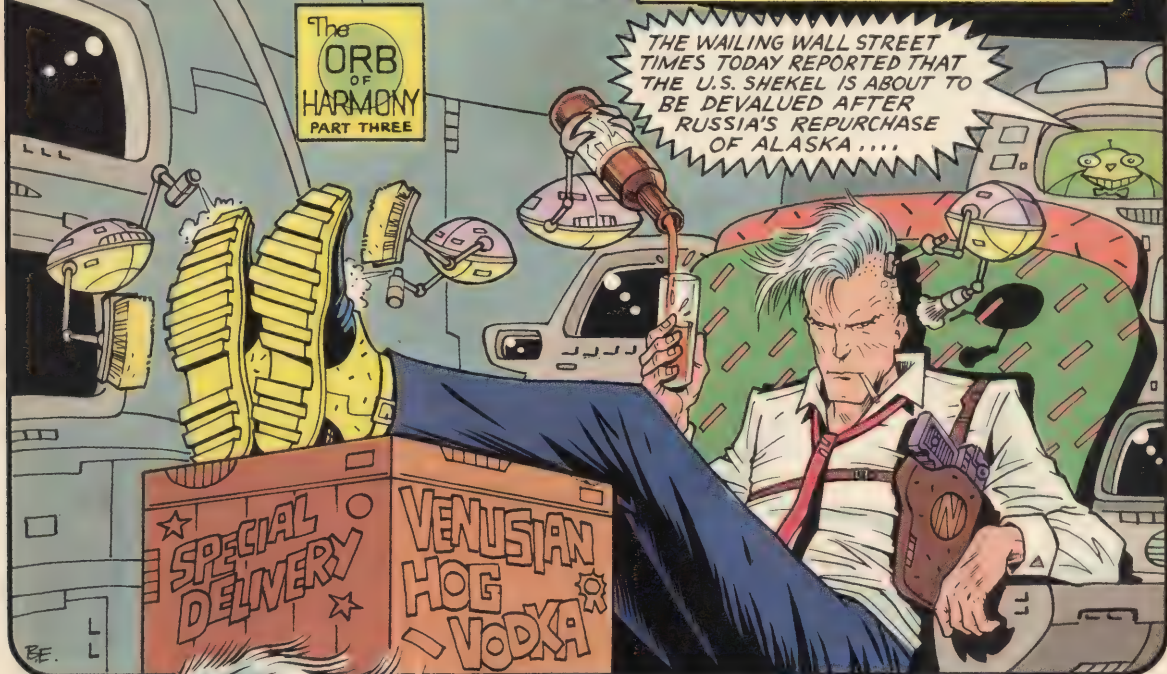


LISTEN.... THANKS TO A QUICK  
ICE-JOB BY AN ILLEGAL CRYOGENICS  
OPERATOR CALLED LIZARD PEACH,  
I WAS NOW THREE HUNDRED BIG  
ONES IN THE FUTURE . AUGUST  
3221 , TO BE EXACT ,,, THIS  
WAS ALL PART OF MY PLAN TO  
SAVE THE WORLD IN UNDER  
THREE HOURS , , , ,

AS PLANS GO, IT WAS BRILLIANT.  
BY NEMO STANDARDS , IT WAS  
LITTLE BETTER THAN AVERAGE....  
BUT UNFORTUNATELY , THERE  
WAS A HITCH. THE WORLD OF  
3221 WAS CAUGHT IN THE  
CLAMMY GRIP OF A DISGUSTING  
RACE OF JELLY CREATURES....  
FROM ANOTHER GALAXY....  
THE SIRIANS , , , ,

The  
ORB  
OF  
HARMONY  
PART THREE

THE WAILING WALL STREET  
TIMES TODAY REPORTED THAT  
THE U.S. SHEKEL IS ABOUT TO  
BE DEVALUED AFTER  
RUSSIA'S REPURCHASE  
OF ALASKA , , , ,



©  
MILLIGAN/EWINS

COLORS: SAL VINYL



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE SIRIANS... THEY'RE ALL *PERVERTED SONS OF BASTARDS*. KEEP THIS IN MIND AND YOU CAN'T GO WRONG... UNLESS, LIKE ME, YOU'D BEEN BEAMED ABOARD ONE OF THEIR PATROL SHIPS..

PERHAPS A PRELIMINARY OPERATION ON THE PINEAL GLAND?

HMM... THE CRUSHED GENITALS OF HUMANS MAKE SUCH A DELIGHTFUL PERFUME!

SHIT! DAMN STRAP'S RUINING MY JACKET!

AND THEN I WAS HIT BY THE *STRANGEST SENSATION*. IT WAS LIKE BEING SUCKED BY A THOUSAND TOOTHLESS AURA LEECHES....

OH CHRIST...  
...THAT'S GOOD!!

NEXT THING I KNEW, I BEGAN TO DISAPPEAR!!

SO LONG PUSSHEADS!

SEE YOU IN HELL!!

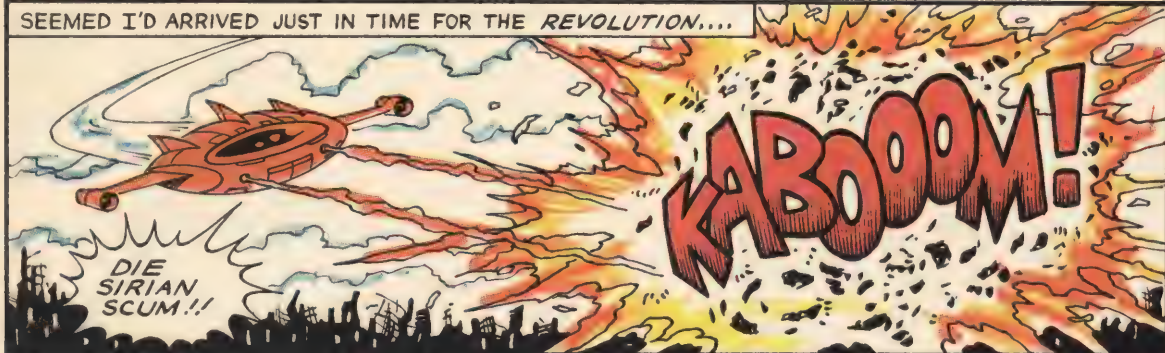
ACTUALLY, I WAS BEING BEAMED ABOARD A *HUMAN RESISTANCE VESSEL* THAT'D BEEN STALKING THE SIRIANS....

OUR SCANNERS DETECTED YOUR PWESENCE ON THEIR PATROL SHIP....

...NOW WATCH AS WE STWIKE THE FIRST BLOW FOR FWEEDOM!



SEEMED I'D ARRIVED JUST IN TIME FOR THE *REVOLUTION...*



*DIE  
SIRIAN  
SCUM!!*

WHILE THE SIRIANS *FRIED  
IN THEIR OWN FAT*, I DECIDED TO  
GET DOWN TO *BUSINESS...*

YOU DON'T KNOW?  
HUMANS ARE WISING UP  
AGAINST THE FILTHY  
SIWIAN RUNNING  
DOGS!

MY NAME'S NEMO.  
I'M THREE HUNDRED  
AND THIRTY YEARS  
OLD. WHAT'S THE  
SCORE?

BY THIS TIME  
TOMOWWOW,  
WE'LL BE IN  
*CONTROL!!*



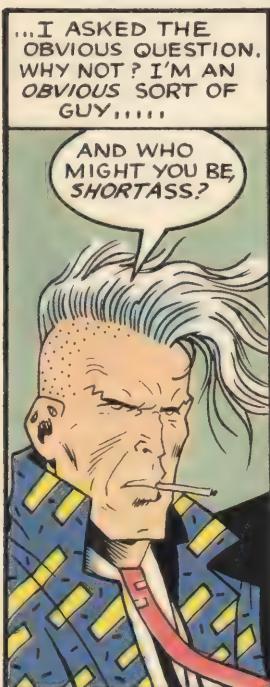
OH,  
THE GLORWY!  
VICTORY WILL  
BE OURS!

EARTHMEN  
WILL WEGAIN  
THEIR  
HONOUR!!



...I ASKED THE  
OBVIOUS QUESTION.  
WHY NOT? I'M AN  
OBVIOUS SORT OF  
GUY.....

AND WHO  
MIGHT YOU BE,  
SHORTASS?



I AM GENERAL  
RAGEMORE!  
LEADER OF OUR  
GLORWIOUS  
UNDERGROUND  
MOVEMENT!  
...LEADER  
OF THE ....



DON'T TELL ME.  
THE LEAGUE  
OF ADAM?

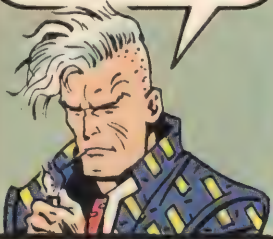


YES! NAMED  
IN HONOUR OF  
OUR GLORWIOUS  
FOREFATHERS...  
WHO FIRST  
FOUGHT THE  
EVIL SIWIAN  
MENACE!!



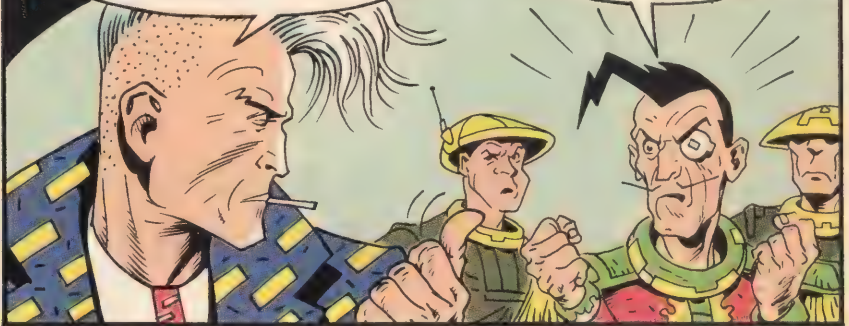


I KNEW IT WOULD RUIN THE LITTLE RUNT'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH IF I TOLD HIM THAT HIS SO-CALLED GLORIOUS FOREFATHERS IN THE LEAGUE OF ADAM WERE THE LUNATIC BASTARDS WHO STARTED THE SIRIAN WAR!...



SO I TOLD HIM....

YOUR GLORIOUS FOREFATHERS IN THE LEAGUE OF ADAM WERE THE LUNATIC BASTARDS WHO STARTED THE SIRIAN WAR!



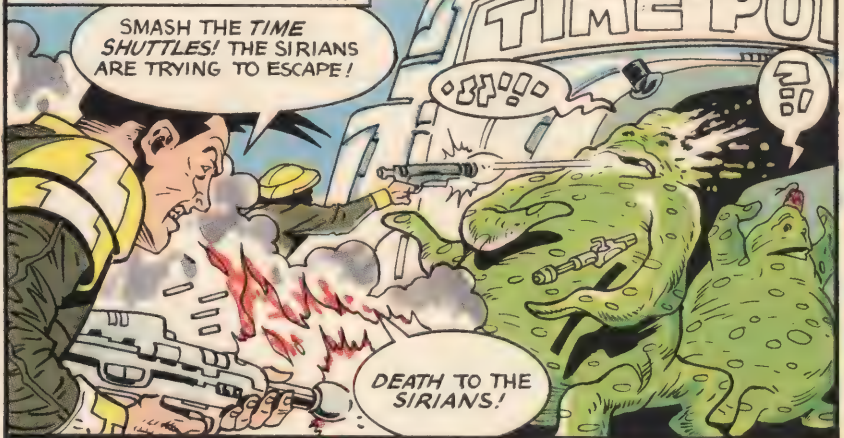
PWEPOSTEROUS! THROW THIS TWAITOR OUT! HE'S NOTHING BUT A SIWIAN LACKEY!!

LUCKILY, I HAD A SOFT LANDING...

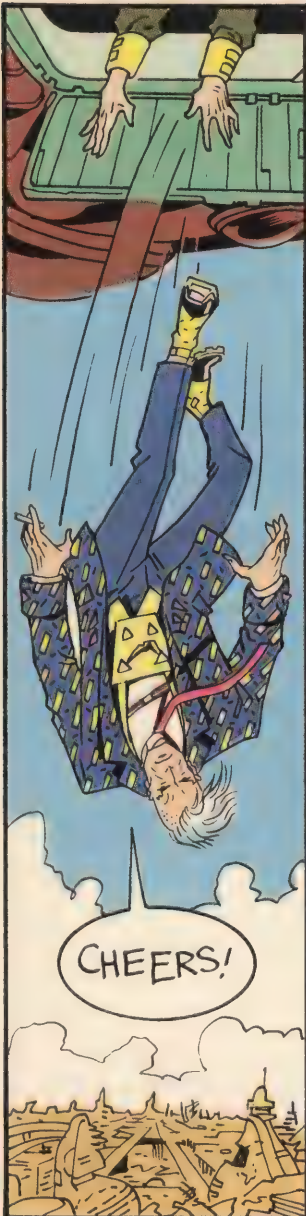


AND LUCKIER STILL, I'D BEEN DROPPED OFF AT A TIME PORT. KALINA'S CALCULATIONS HAD BEEN SPOT ON! TIME TRAVEL WAS IN OPERATION BY 322! ....

SMASH THE TIME SHUTTLES! THE SIRIANS ARE TRYING TO ESCAPE!



CHEERS!



I GOT TO ONE OF THE TIME SHUTTLES AND DID THE NECESSARY....

SHOVE IT, SQUID FACE- I'M BUSY!



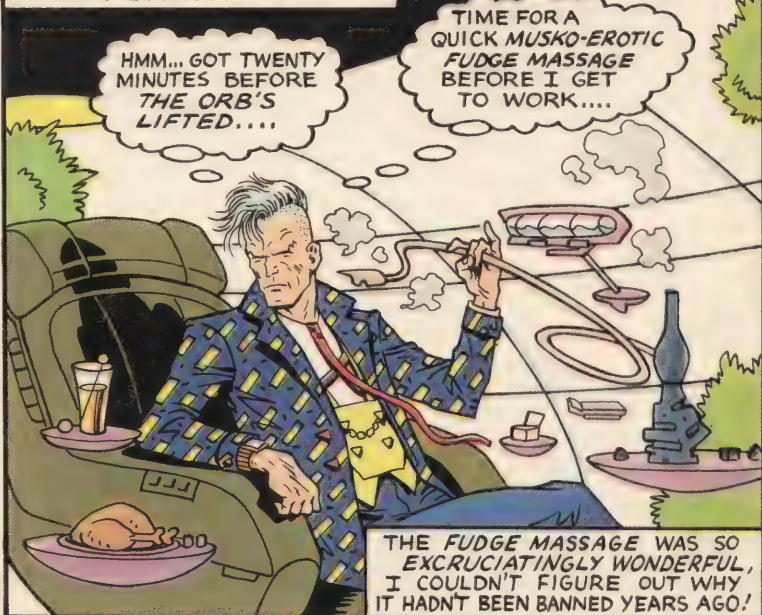


TRAVELLING THROUGH TIME  
WAS LIKE WALKING THROUGH  
A VAT OF VELVET BLANCMANGE..



... BUT CONSIDERING  
MY CIRCUMSTANCES,  
I FELT TOTALLY  
MESHED WITH MY  
KARMA....

AND THEN I WAS BACK IN THE  
GOOD OL' ANTI-GRAV EMPORIUM...  
CIRCA 2991....



HMM... GOT TWENTY  
MINUTES BEFORE  
THE ORB'S  
LIFTED....

TIME FOR A  
QUICK MUSKO-EROTIC  
FUDGE MASSAGE  
BEFORE I GET  
TO WORK....

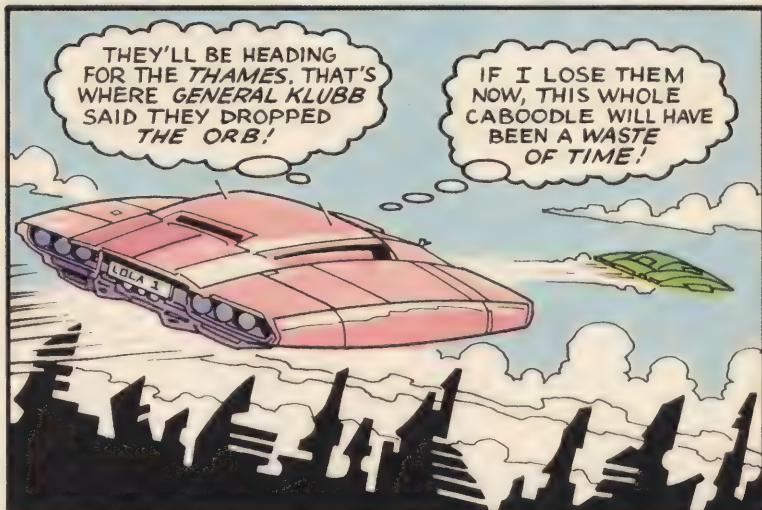
THE FUDGE MASSAGE WAS SO  
EXCRUCIATINGLY WONDERFUL,  
I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHY  
IT HADN'T BEEN BANNED YEARS AGO!

...ANYWAY, A LITTLE LATER I WAS  
WAITING OUTSIDE COUNCILLOR  
STEVEN'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE.  
THINGS WERE HOTTING UP....



STOP 'EM!  
THEY'VE GOT THE  
FLAMING ORB!

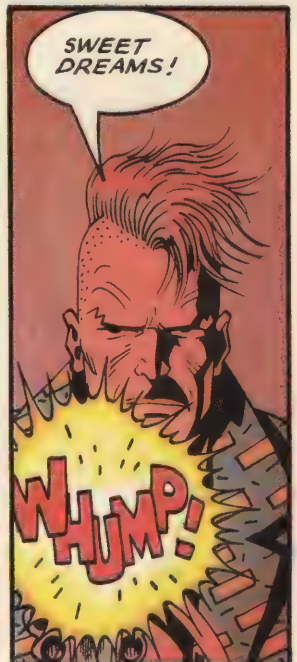
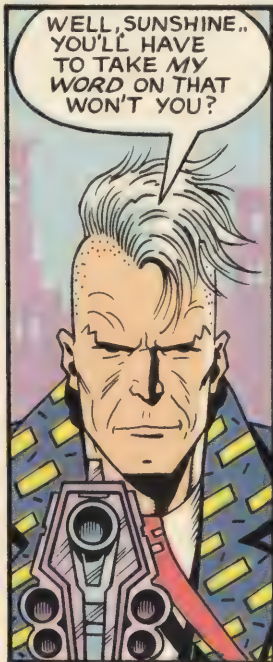
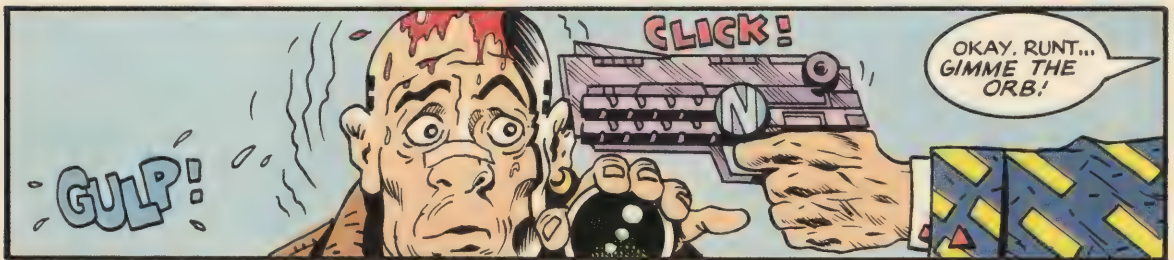
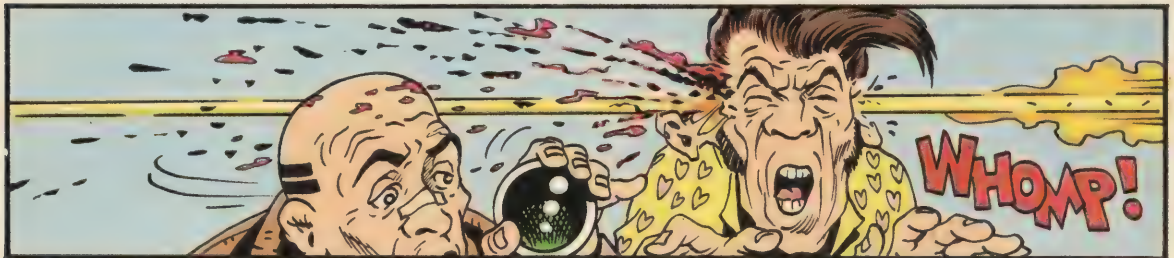
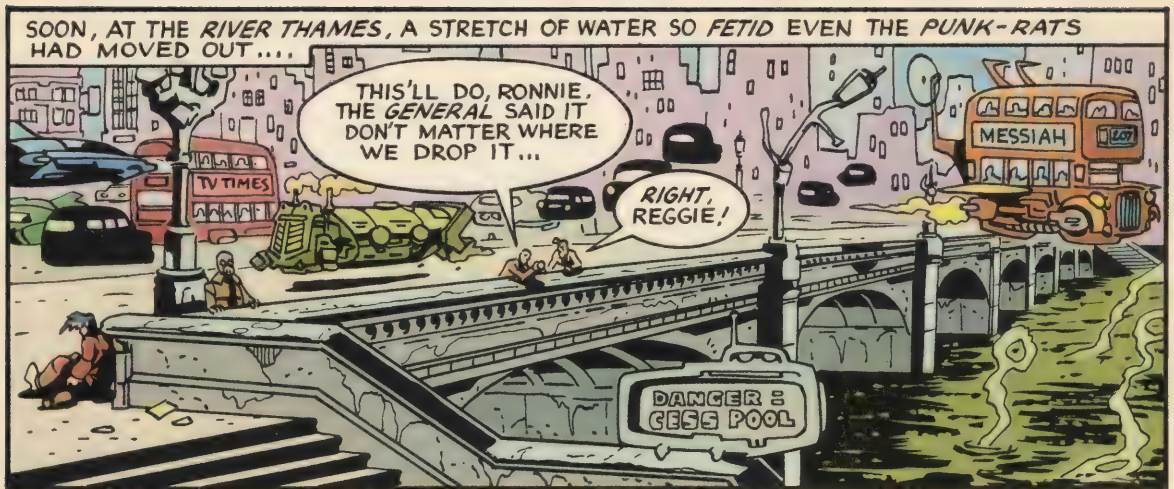
VROOOM!



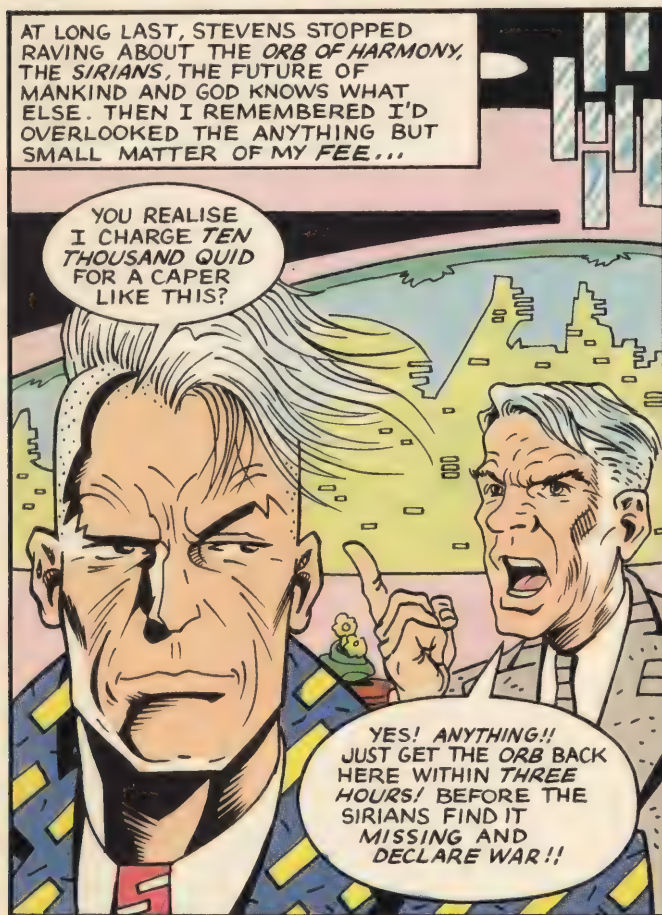
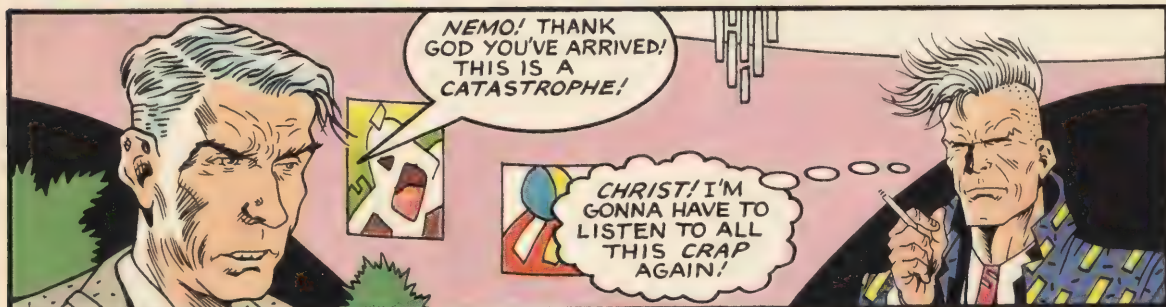
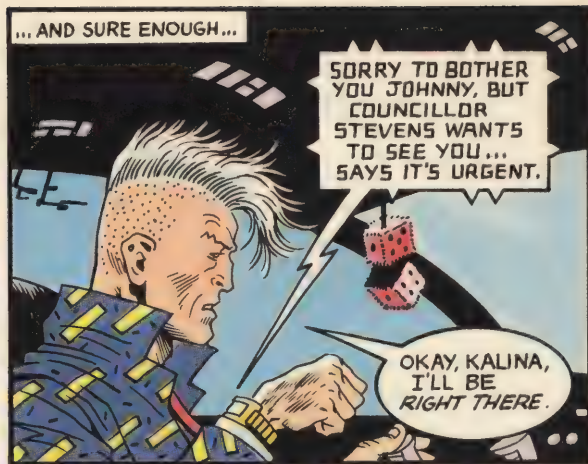
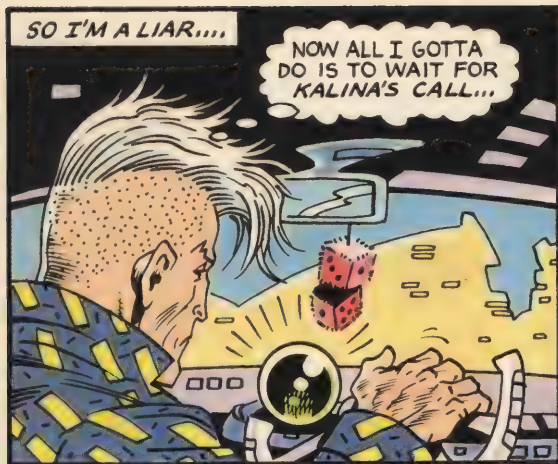
THEY'LL BE HEADING  
FOR THE THAMES, THAT'S  
WHERE GENERAL KLUBB  
SAID THEY DROPPED  
THE ORB!

IF I LOSE THEM  
NOW, THIS WHOLE  
CABOODLE WILL HAVE  
BEEN A WASTE  
OF TIME!











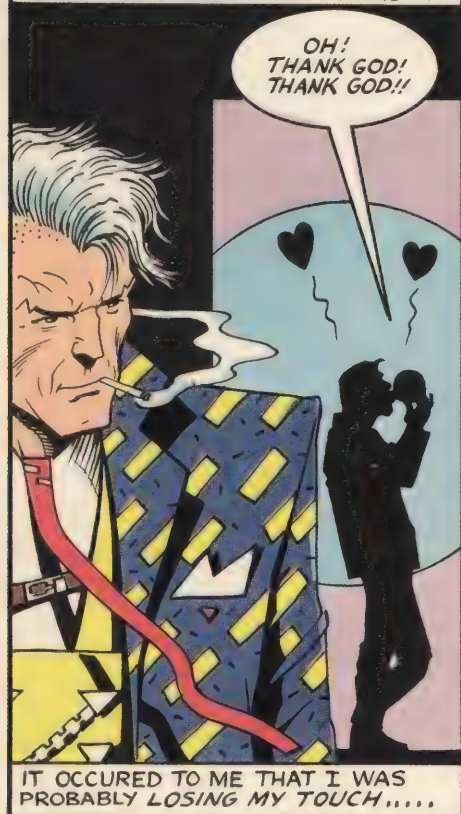


JUST CALL IT  
FORWARD  
PLANNING,  
STEVENS!

I'LL EXPECT  
MY CHEQUE  
IN THE  
MORNING...

I LEFT STEVENS GIVING *THE ORB*  
A QUICK ONCE OVER WITH HIS LIPS,  
IT WAS A TOUCHING SCENE, ME, I  
HAD OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND....

OH!  
THANK GOD!  
THANK GOD!!



IT OCCURED TO ME THAT I WAS  
PROBABLY LOSING MY TOUCH.....



AFTER ALL, IT'D TAKEN  
ME OVER *THREE HUNDRED*  
YEARS TO EARN A  
POXY TEN GRAND.....

GET THE  
*PURE ALCOHOL*  
BODY DRIP  
ASSEMBLED,  
KALINA....

.... JOHNNY'S  
COMING  
HOME....

WHOSS  
THAT  
THEN?

DUNNO..  
BIT OV  
PAPER...

THE  
END.

MORE HIDEOUS ANTICS COMING SOONEST!!!







# PARADAX!

BY MILLIGAN & MCCARTHY.

SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK THERE'S A SUPERVILLAIN CALLED V.2. PINHEAD WHO WANTS TO DESTROY THE U.N. PEACE TALKS AND BRING ABOUT GLOBAL NUCLEAR WAR...

TO THIS END, HE'S STOLEN A CONSIGNMENT OF MINUTE MEN DUST, EACH GRAIN OF WHICH, WHEN ADDED TO WATER, PRODUCES 60 SECONDS WORTH OF LETHAL FIGHTING MAN!

AND IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN IS A SUPERHERO CALLED PARADAX, WHOSE REAL NAME HAPPENS TO BE AL COOPER...

HI!

EVERYTHING  
OKAY?

DUNNO,  
KOPPER!

CHRIST, AL!  
WHY D'YA HAVE  
TO BE SUCH  
A SLOB?

IDEALLY, AL WANTS TO GET BOMBED  
OUT OF HIS SKULL ON FIZZY BEER—  
INSTEAD HE'S GOING TO BE STUPID  
ENOUGH TO TAKE ON THE PSYCHO-  
PATHIC PINHEAD....

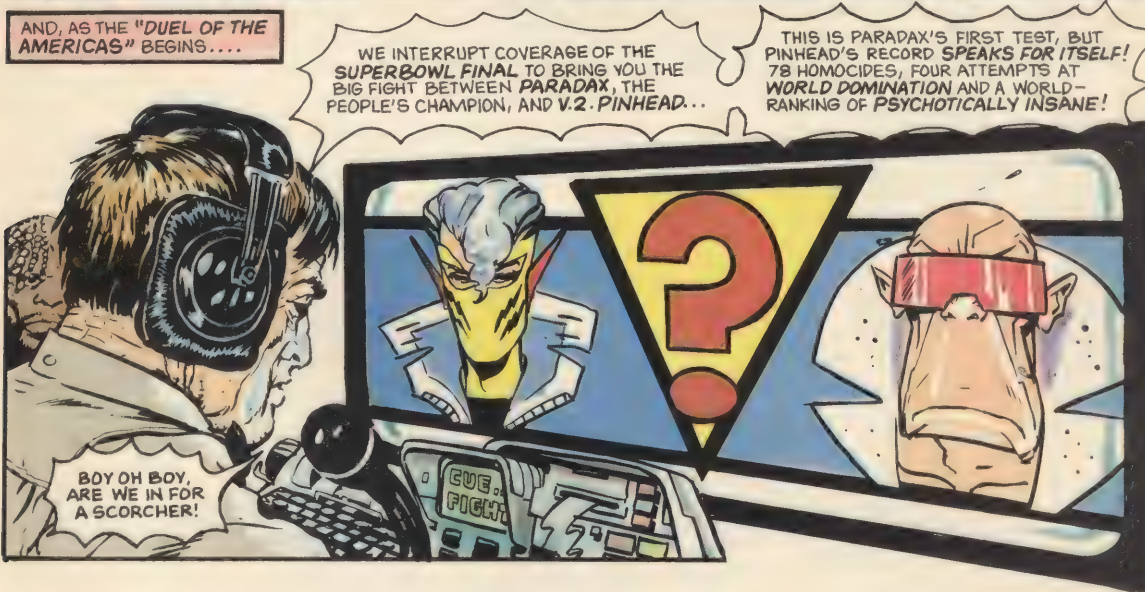
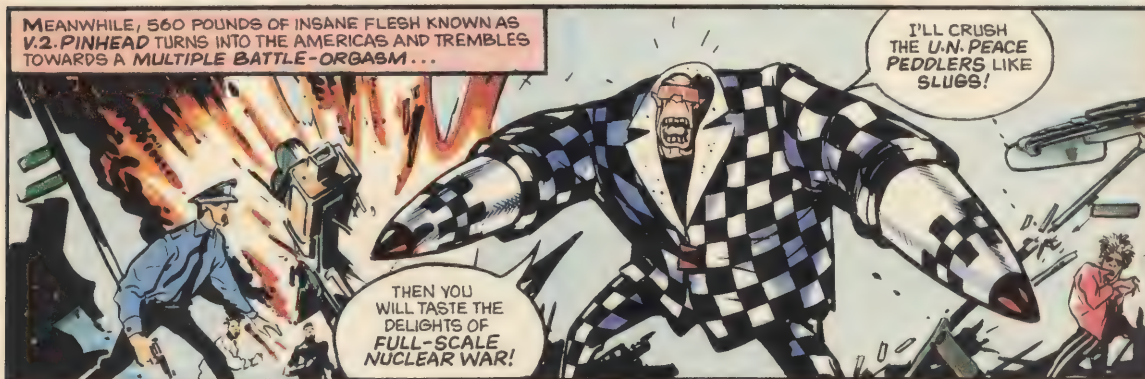
ALL OF WHICH MAKES FOR TOP-RATE, PRIME-TIME  
VIEWING — ESPECIALLY WHEN PARADAX IS TELLING  
THE STORY HIMSELF ON THE ANDY WARHOL  
NOTHING-SPECIAL CHAT SHOW....

THE WORLD'S MEDIA WERE  
GATHERING LIKE VULTURES  
ON THE AVENUE OF THE  
AMERICAS...

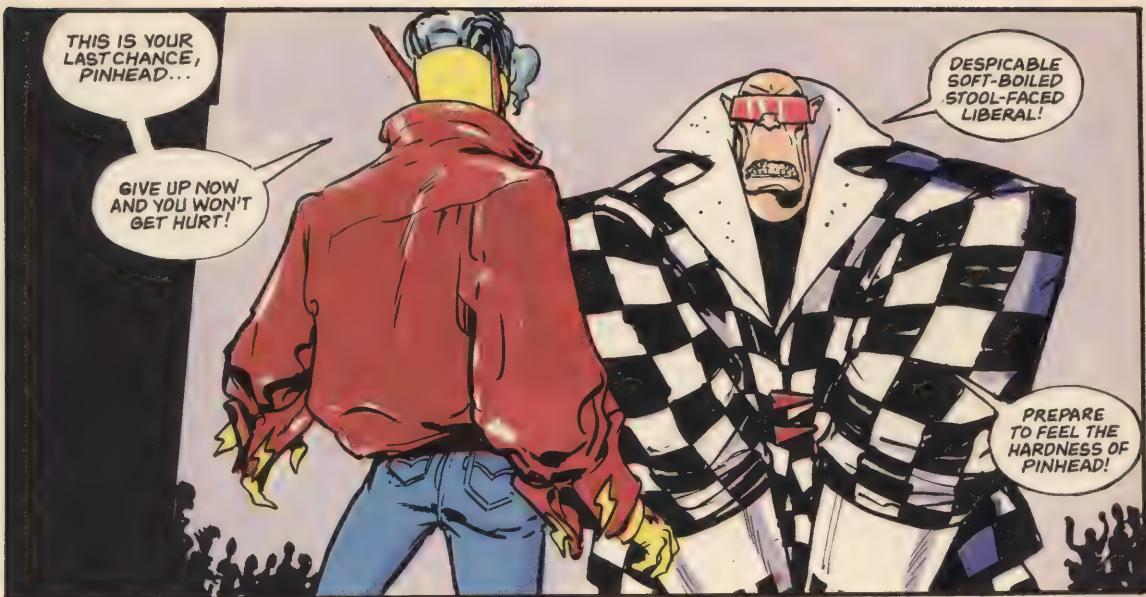
THAT'S WHERE MY  
MANAGER, MR CHOW,  
HAD DECIDED I SHOULD  
INTERCEPT PINHEAD'S  
PATH TO THE U.N. PEACE  
ASSEMBLY...

COLORS: TIM SMITH





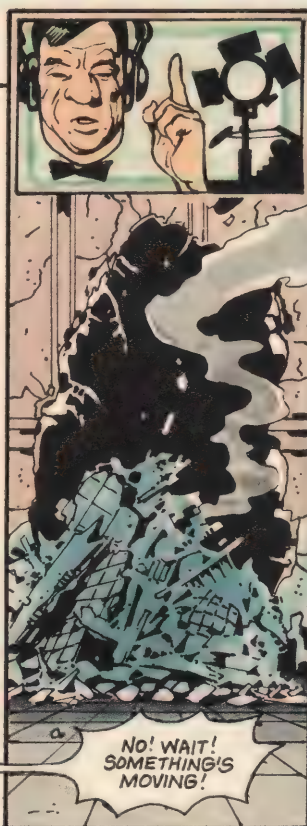
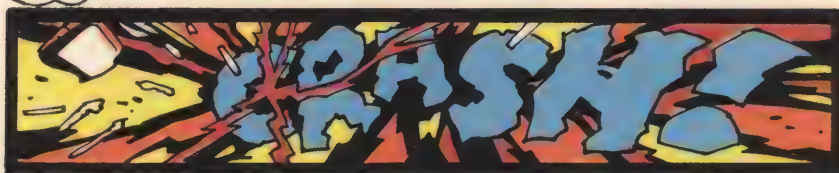
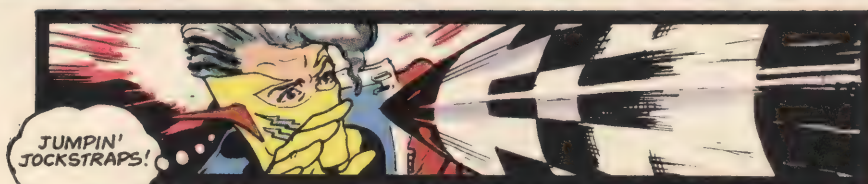




THE PARADAX COSTUME RESPONDED TO MESSAGES FROM AL'S BRAIN. WHENEVER HE WANTED, ANY PART OF HIM COULD REVERT BACK TO FLESH AND BONE...











BUT HOLD ONTO YOUR HORSES, FIGHT-FANS-- SEEMS IT TAKES MORE THAN A COLLAPSING BUILDING TO STOP PINHEAD!

KILLLL!



HOT DICKITY! THIS KID'S GOT THE HEART OF A LION!

FRIVOLOUS BLOB OF MUCUS!

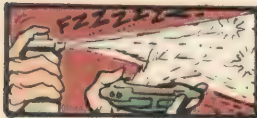


YOU WILL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS!

THE DAY OF ULTIMATE HARDNESS IS AT HAND!

BY SPRAYING WATER ONTO THE STOLEN POWDER, PINHEAD UNLEASHES HIS PRE-EMPTIVE, TOTAL STRIKE CAPACITY, LOCALIZED WAR-SCENARIO, RAPID DEPLOYMENT FORCE:

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE MINUTE MEN!



OKAY, MEN, LET'S GET 'EM!

OKAY, MEN, LET'S GET 'EM!

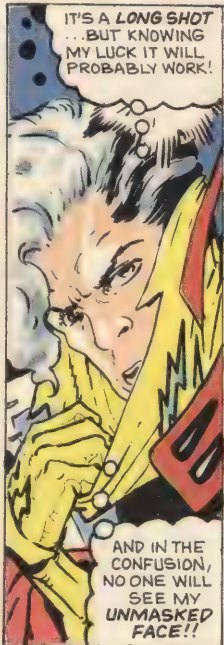
OKAY, MEN, LET'S GET 'EM!

SHIT! IF I DON'T STOP PINHEAD, THESE GOONS'LL TURN NEW YORK INTO ONE BIG VIDEO NASTY!



AN! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I'M GONNA STOP THAT PSYCHO!

OKAY, MEN, LET'S GET 'EM!



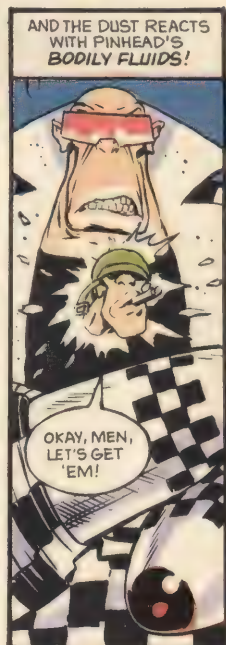
IT'S A LONG SHOT... BUT KNOWING MY LUCK IT WILL PROBABLY WORK!

AND IN THE CONFUSION, NO ONE WILL SEE MY UNMASKED FACE!!



BASTARD!

I'VE SWALLOWED THE DUST!



AND THE DUST REACTS WITH PINHEAD'S BODILY FLUIDS!

OKAY, MEN, LET'S GET 'EM!



THE BIG BOY'S EXPLODING LIKE  
A BALLOON FULL OF VOMIT!

OKAY, MEN,  
LET'S GET  
'EM!

OKAY, MEN,  
LET'S GET  
'EM!

OKAY, MEN,  
LET'S GET  
'EM!

OKAY, MEN,  
LET'S GET  
'EM!

GET OKAY,  
LET'S MEN  
'EM!

OKAY, MEN,  
LET'S GET  
'EM!

OKAY, MEN,  
LET'S GET  
'EM!

OKAY, MEN,  
LET'S GET  
'EM!

OKAY, MEN,  
LET'S GET  
'EM!

OKAY, MEN,  
LET'S GET  
'EM!

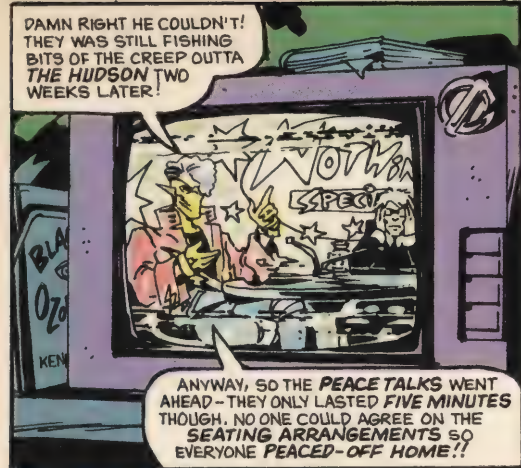
OKAY, MEN,  
LET'S GET  
'EM!

I DON'T THINK EVEN  
PINHEAD CAN COME  
BACK FROM THIS!

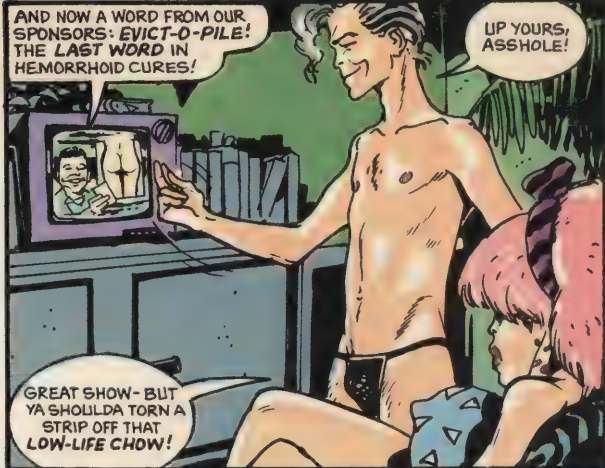
POP!

POP!



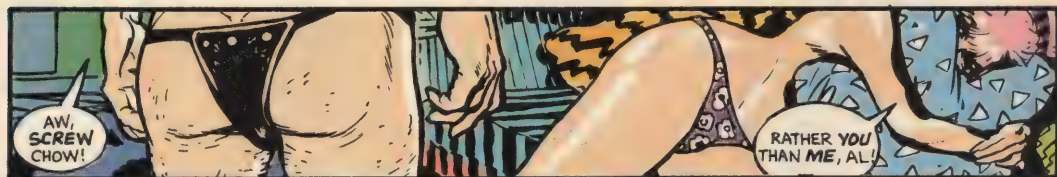


ANYWAY, SO THE **PEACE TALKS** WENT AHEAD - THEY ONLY LASTED **FIVE MINUTES** THOUGH. NO ONE COULD AGREE ON THE **SEATING ARRANGEMENTS** SO EVERYONE **PEACED-OFF HOME!!**

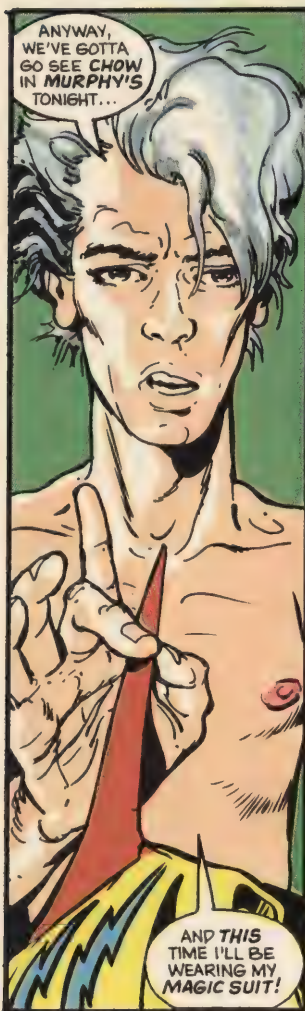


UP YOURS, ASSHOLE!

GREAT SHOW - BUT YA SHOULDA TORN A STRIP OFF THAT **LOW-LIFE CHOW!**



RATHER YOU THAN ME, AL



ANYWAY, WE'VE GOTTA GO SEE CHOW IN MURPHY'S TONIGHT...

AND THIS TIME I'LL BE WEARING MY **MAGIC SUIT!**



"I'M GONNA TELL HIM TO SHOVE HIS **STINKIN' CONTRACT** WHERE IT HURTS!"

LISSEN, CHOW. I WANT OUT. I'M THRLL BEING YOUR **GRAVY-TRAIN!**

HOW MUCH DID YOU GET FOR SELLING MY **SECRET-IDENTITY** TO THE PRESS, FOR INSTANCE?

NO OF YER GRODDAMN BRISNESS, CROOPER!

YOU UNDER CONTRAH TO MR CHOW - YOU GET YOUR CUT, OKAY?



SUDDENLY...

HEY, YOU'RE **AL COOPER**, AIN'T YER?

OR SHOULD I SAY **PARADAX?**

WHARRA HELL?

AW, SHIT! IT'S THAT **REDNECK!**





fin



At this juncture, being, as it is, the very last page of *Strange Days*, we feel it germane to dip a few paragraphical toes into the metaphorical waters of history . . . Or even the historical waters of metaphors.

Many years ago, two men squatted by the Great Pyramid of Giza. The first squatting man said, "Metaphorically speaking, The World is like The Pyramid. It is perfectly constructed, yet the rules for its perfection are enigmatic."

The second squatter said, "Extending this metaphor, if we can understand the mysteries of The Pyramid, we shall be able to understand The World . . ."



"No," said the first. "If we can understand the world of metaphors, we shall be able to understand The Pyramid. But this, too, is a metaphor."

At which point, the second squatter struck the first savagely about the head with an ornate club popular among Egyptian philosophers of the time and wainaged off into the desert.

The moral of the story - and possibly of this entire book, too - being: Don't mess around with metaphors - They'll only kick you in the allegoricals . . .



# AZTEC ACE™

OKAY, SO IT'S TEN-TEN RIGHT NOW AND MAYBE CLEOPATRA I AIN'T--BUT BACK WHEN I RAN AN ANTIQUE STORE IN 1940 SAN FRANCISCO, THE MONIKER WAS BRIDGET KRONOPOULOUS.

THEN THIS STRANGER DARKENS MY DOOR AND RINGS MY CHIMES--TALL, THIN, AND FROM BOTH THE 23RD CENTURY AND 1518 TENOCHTITLAN--A REAL ACE.

SO I DUNNO, MAYBE I NEED A NEW NAME NOW--AFTER ALL, I AM THE ACE'S QUEEN...

TOGETHER, WE TRY TO DOPE OUT WHO THE KING IS--AND BELIEVE ME, WE'LL VREEB WHEREVER AND WHENEVER IT TAKES, MAKING THE WEIRD PAST SAFE FROM THE WEIRDER FUTURE.

AND ANYWAY, IT MAY BE MERE COINCIDENCE THAT THERE ARE 52 WEEKS IN A DECK, BUT WHO ELSE DO YOU KNOW WHO CAN MAKE TIME WITH NOTHING BUT A LITTLE HAND-JIVE?

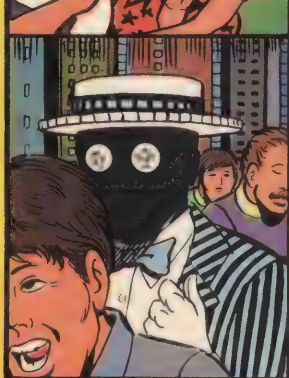
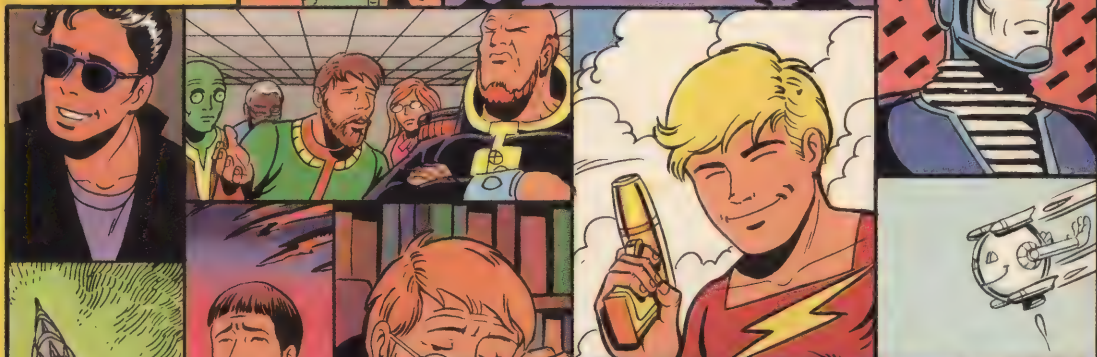
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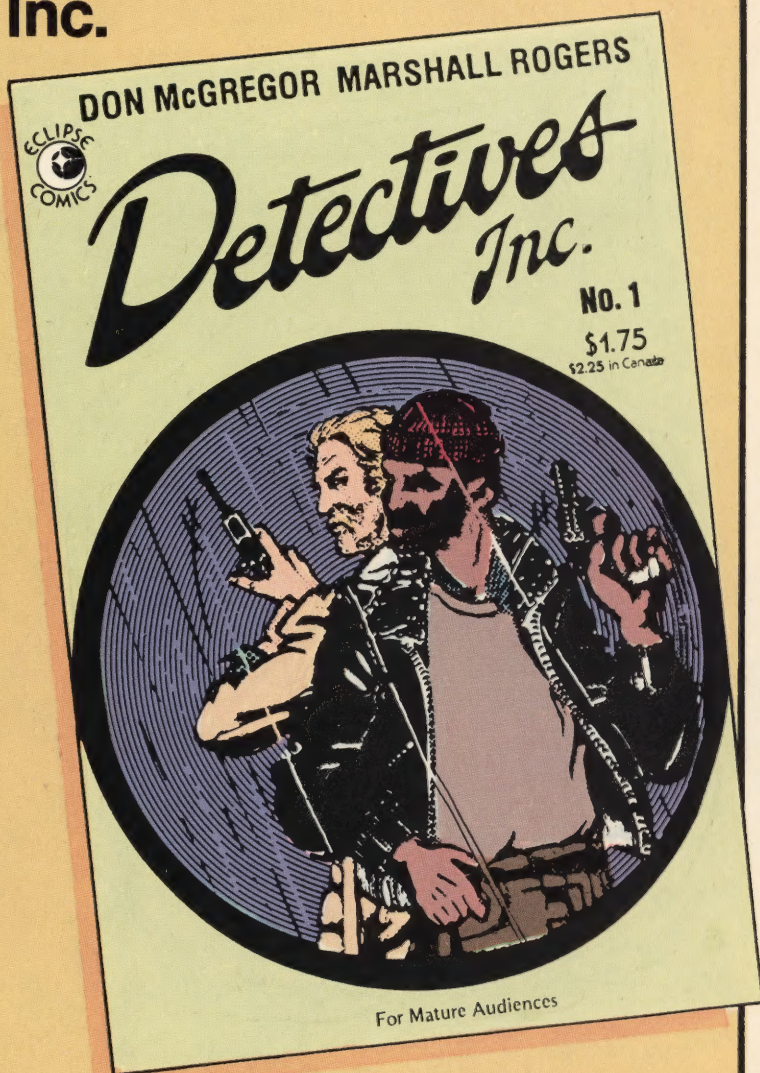
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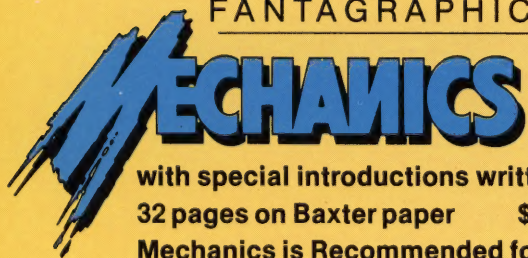


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